"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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THE LAST HOURS OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

"Men who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights;* and, knowing, dare maintain;
These constitute a State,
And sov'reign law, that State's collective will;
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill." Sir W. Jones.

"It is happy for us that this man was born," said the celebrated scholar and divine, Dr. Parr, of Sir William Jones. His career on earth was short and brilliant. Into a life of a few years was poured a full measure of mental lustre as well as private and public virtue. He was left fatherless when three years old, and it was in his case as it has been in others,—a larger measure of motherly watchfulness, and the care of Him who is a Father to the fatherless, trained him up to illustrious manhood. In the short space of a few years he became the possessor of twenty-eight languages. English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian and Sanscrit, he studied and mastered critically; the other twenty less perfectly. As a a philologist he had no rival, and at the same time he acquired an extensive knowledge of many arts and sciences and English law. A catalogue of his writings would shew the extent and variety of his erudition, and that it was not less deep than miscellaneous. To the subject of political liberty he devoted great attention; he was a zealous advocate of an enlarged representation of the people in Parliament. "On the popular part of government," said he, "depends its real force, the obligation of its laws, its welfare, its security, its permanence." He never speaks of oppression but in the language of detestation. The independence of his mind, his probity and humanity, his universal philanthropy and benevolence, were acknowledged by all who knew him. In domestic relations he was attentive to every dictate of love and to every obligation of duty. His chief public office was that of a Judge in the Supreme Court of India for eleven years. In this position he was laborious, patient and discriminating, always exhibiting the strongest sense of justice, with the purest feelings of humanity and mercy. In a beautiful letter to Dr. Price, from India, in 1790, he tells him with what delight he has read his volume of Sermons, "shewing the goodness of both your heart and judgment, and hopes on his return from the East to see Dr. Franklin; but whether or not, God's will be done. We shall meet, I devoutly hope, in a happier state." In our preceding sketches we have aimed to shew how calmly and resignedly good and great men, without Trinitarian doctrines, meet sickness and death. In his sickness he was resignation itself, and with death before him, in the prime of life and a brilliant career, he "was ready for all God's will." A short time before his decease he penned his own epitaph:

Here was deposited
the mortal part of a man
who feared God, but not Death;
and maintained independence,
but sought not riches;
who thought
none below him, but the base and unjust;
none above him, but the wise and virtuous;
who loved
his parents, kindred, friends, and country,
with an ardour
which was the chief source of
all his pleasures and all his pains;
and who, having devoted
his life to their service,
and to
the improvement of his mind,
resigned it calmly,
giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
and with
good-will to all creatures.

He died in 1794, in the 47th year of his age.

TWO WHO WAIT.

"There's rosemary—that's for remembrance."

I LOVED Robert as I never could love again. I was an orphan, and friendless. Being quick with my needle, I had come to Boston hoping to find work there. Somehow chance favoured me—no, I don't mean that—I mean that God who promised to be a Father to the fatherless was good to me. I found a comfortable boarding-place, and, by means of my landlady, a paying run of custom. I went out by the day to finish off dresses, sewing with dressmakers sometimes, and more often after they had got through and gone away. Robert Eden boarded in the same house with me, and he liked me from the first.

How proud I was of his liking—the handsome, manly fellow! He was clerk in a store, and he got through every night at six o'clock; and often, if he could find out where I was sewing, he would come and walk home with me. This was before we were engaged. Afterward, of course, he came every night as a regular thing. But I never shall forget how it used to be during those first months before he had asked me to marry him. I never quite knew whether he would come or not, so it was something pleasant to think and wonder about as I sat over my work. Then, when I saw that he was really waiting, how shy I used to be, and how demurely I used to walk along with my eyes down until he joined me, and then look up at him as if I were altogether surprised! It was an innocent little deception which harmed no one. I don't know why I speak of it, only sometimes I like to go over all those old days in my thought, and every one of their little memories seems bright and sweet as fresh blossoms.

I had known Robert six months, when one night, instead of going home at once, as usual, he asked me to go out to Mount Auburn with him. The days were at their longest; it was only half-past six, and there would be plenty of time for a ramble among those flowery paths before they would shut the gates and leave the dead people to their still night-slumber. I was glad enough to go anywhere with him; and it was very pleasant to get out of town, and spend the long June twilight among country sights and sounds. So we set off at once.

How beautiful it was, walking about in those lovely grounds, with the day just drawing to its close! There were flowers everywhere—flowers growing up joyously, and shaking odour out of their crimson and purple cups upon the still air, emblems of glad, grateful life—and flowers, too, broken from their stems, and laid upon the graves, offerings of love and of memory, to give forth there the sad sweetness of their expiring breath, and then fade, emblems these of death and of woe.

It was there, among the flowers and the graves, that Robert told me how dearly he had grown to love me, and asked me to belong to him for ever. Yes, I remember he said that—belong to him for ever. That meant, did it not, through life and through death? Surely it bound me—when I had promised him—for all time and all eternity as well. It was strange, but in the midst of my great, deep joy, a thought came over me—what if this troth-plighting among the graves were an omen—what if it should be for death and not for life? But I tried to banish this foreboding. I knew I was superstitious naturally, so I would not let myself utter the haunting thought to Robert.

When the time came for the gates to be shut, we went out arm-in-arm, we two who belonged to each other for evermore. We walked about for awhile under the trees there in old Cambridge before we went back to town, and the moon poured down on us a flood of silver light. It seemed to us that we had never seen such moonlight—that we walked under new heavens and upon a new earth.

When we got home we told our landlady—good Mrs. Colesworthy, who had been so kind to me—of our betrothal. Robert said frankness was best in such matters, as in all others. We could not be married just yet. His salary was small, and he must save enough to begin housekeeping in a quiet way. In the mean time he would want, of course, to be with me as much as possible, and so it was well our relation should be understood, and there would be no room for gossip.

That new year, however, the firm he worked for raised his salary, so that he saved the money we needed sooner than we had any hope, and we were married the next summer, a year after our betrothal. Then Robert took me home. We had three rooms—a chamber, a kitchen, and a little parlour. We thought of a spare bedroom at first, but I had no friends who were likely to come and see us, neither had Robert; so we saved that expense. What a bright, cheery home we had! How much pride and pleasure we took in every little convenience and adornment! We thought we were just as happy as we could be; but when another year went by, and with the June roses came a baby girl to look up at us with her shy sweet eyes, full of strange baby wisdom, we found that we could be happier still. I wanted to call the little thing Rose, because she came when the roses came, and Robert wanted to call her Mary, because that was my name; so we compromised and called her Rosemary.

I think you never saw just such a baby —never, surely, unless you have had a first baby of your own. She was such a round, rosy, fat, dimpled, loving, sunny, bird-like little creature, with wise, still ways too, that kept you wondering how the world looked to her, and what she was thinking about. She was a particular novelty and entertainment to us. We never tired of speculating about her future, watching her growth, playing with her, fondling her. And so ten months went by us most happily, until it was the March after little Rosemary came.

Then Robert took a sudden, violent cold. It came on to rain one day while he was at the store. He had to go out to attend to some business, and having no overshoes or umbrella, went carelessly without them, and came home to me at night so hoarse he could scarcely speak. It was his last day's work.

Let me hurry over those few terrible weeks of suffering and suspense through which I nursed him. He died in the last of April. Before he went away from us, little Rosemary had learned to say "papa." She said it to him just before he died, and I never can forget the way his face kindled with a life-like brightness which made me almost hope to hold him back a little longer from death. He reached out his arms, those thin, weak arms, and I laid the child in them.

"God bless you," he said, "my darling, my little darling! God bless you, and keep you from all evil!"

Then he began to cough, and I took her away and tied her into her tiny rocking-chair, where she had learned to sit patiently hour after hour, never troubling any one. When the coughing-spell was over, he closed his eyes, and I heard him say in a low voice:

"Their angels do always behold the face of the Father;" and I knew he was thinking of his little one, and what her lot would be when he was gone.

Just at the last he turned his eyes to me and said in weak, faint tones:

"You have been my true wife, Mary. You have walked with me down to the very brink of the river. You must go back alone."

With those words he made a sign for me to kiss him, and bending down I pressed my lips to his, that even then quivered beneath my touch, and faintly returned my pressure. When I lifted up my head he was dead.

I had been alone a month before I had courage to look about me, or think at all what I was going to do. The firm had been very kind. They continued Robert's pay through his sickness, and for two months afterward, making up the half year. Of course that was all I could have expected of them, and more — I must take care of myself and my little girl. Robert had left a little money, but that I did not mean to touch. I felt that it ought to remain as a provision against any time of peculiar need, or for Rosemary if I should die. So I went round among my old customers and procured the promise of as much work as I could do to take home, for it was of course out of the question to leave my child and go out all day, as I used to do. When I saw how kind they all were to me, and how sorry for me, I began to realize how many good hearts there are in the world.

For two years I got along nicely. To be sure, it left an awful void in my life to take Robert out of it, but I remembered that I had promised to belong to

him for ever; so that I felt that I was only waiting. My little one was a great comfort. She looked at me with her father's eyes, and there was a curious likeness in her words and ways to his which sometimes gladdened and sometimes saddened my heart.

Her constitution was very frail. She had been a fat, dimpled baby enough; but after she could run alone she grew slender, and her skin was almost transparent. But she was never really ill until the summer two years after her father died. Then she became so delicate that she required a great deal of my time. I thought at first that it was because she was cutting a long-delayed double tooth, but soon I began to fear there was graver cause for alarm. I sent for a doctor, a kind, fatherly man —Dr. Grant his name was—and he told me her spine was affected, and the disease was of such a nature that she would require the closest care and attention to save her life. And even then—but he did not finish the sentence. Looking into my face I think he could not nerve himself to do so.

I used to hold her in my arms more than half the time by night and by day. Of course I could not sew much, and the money Robert had left dwindled away. I began to wonder how I could keep want from the door. One day Dr. Grant came and seemed to have something particular to say. He had been very kind to my little Rosemary, and she and I had both grown fond of him in a certain way, and were always glad to see him. But I never could tell you the shock it was when he asked me to marry. I had known nothing of his history hitherto, but he told me now that he was a widower, and a lonely, childless man, and that he had learned to love me and mine better than anything else in the world. He wanted to marry me at once, and take us home with him, where Rosemary could have every care and luxury, and where my lot should be eased of all such burdens as he could bear in my stead.

While he talked I was terribly tempted. The home he offered seemed to promise such rest, such relief from care, and the torturing anxiety how to do my duty to my child and get my daily bread at the same time. I thought of my little one most of all. I knew she needed so much that I could not give her. Perhaps it would save her life. Had I a right to refuse? And yet I knew I did not love Dr. Grant. I dared not answer him. If he would go away and give me time to think, I would see him again on the morrow. He held my hand a moment with grave tenderness.

"Remember, Mrs. Eden," he said, "that whatever way you may decide, I shall not be the less your friend. If you can find it in your heart to come to my home and let me care for you, I shall be happy indeed, and I will do my best to make you so."

All that night, until the gray dawn lightened the heavens, I sat holding my little one in my arms and thinking. I went over and over all the advantages of the case—most of all what it would do for Rosemary to be in a home of plenty, surrounded with every appliance of ease and luxury; constantly watched, moreover, by a kind and skilful physician, whose interest in her, I knew, would only be second to mine. All this on one side.

On the other, the stern fact that I did not love Dr. Grant—the holy, ever-present memory that I had promised to belong to Robert Eden for ever. *Could* I break that vow? Would he forgive me if, even for his child's sake, I suffered any other man to press the lips on which his dying kiss still lingered?

Then I thought farther. Filled as my heart was with fond memories of the dead, thrilling to that remembered love as it never would to the strongest utterance of any living man's passion, should I not be wronging Dr. Grant's noble nature unpardonably if I gave him a hand which held no heart—vowed a fealty which was only lip-deep? At last, just in the gray dawning, I made up my mind that I would be faithful and true at any cost, and trust all to God, even Rosemary. I would not sin against my womanhood by purchasing comforts for her at the price of my fidelity to the vow I had plighted to her father. I knew that I had decided rightly by the great peace which flowed into my heart. I lay down on the bed, with my little girl still in my arms, and seemed to feel—was it all fancy?—the presence of one I could

not see, to hear a well-known, well-loved voice murmur,

"Through life and through death! My beloved, thou hast been faithful."

Then I slept the long deep sleep of exhaustion; and when I awoke Rosemary was watching me with her great wide open eyes, and it was almost time for Dr. Grant to come.

I shewed him honestly all my heart, and, when he understood fully that I never could have given such love as he craved, he told me I had done right—that any other course would have been injustice to myself, to him, and to the dead. But if I could not be his wife, he said, I must be to him as a sister—I must suffer him to provide for all my necessities, for he should not let me sew any more until—he stopped an instant, and then finished his sentence—until the girl is better.

But in spite of his attempt to spare my feelings, it struck in one moment to my heart that he felt convinced she would never be any better in this world. With that thought, all my independence, all my sensitive pride was silenced. I felt as willing to accept the help he offered, as I was grateful for his kindness. I could not give one hour more of my darling's short life to anything but care of her. I knew he wanted to assist me—was alike willing and able. I took his generous hand and raised it to my lips.

"May God reward you!" I said. "I know I never can, and yet I accept your offering as frankly as it is made."

So all the rest of that summer I tended my poor little fading flower, and Dr. Grant supplied our wants like a brother. What days those were!—those long, still ones, in which I held her from morning till night, clasped in arms which never wearied of their burden! A strange, almost unnatural wisdom seemed to develop in the little three years' child who was living her short life so fast. I had long talks with her about death and heaven, the home where her father waited—where she, too, would be waiting for me very soon.

At last the end came. She had been growing more like an angel every day, and at length the angels called her home. Her little arms clasped my neck for the last time—her lips pressed mine—and her baby voice bade me good-by. My darling, oh my darling!

She has slept these two years beside her father. I am looking forward always, through all the tumult of life, to the day when I too can go home. I bear life's burden patiently—I try to do my duty in the station to which it has pleased God to call me; but my heart and my hopes are where Robert waits, and with him my little Rosemary—not sure, I think, that heaven is heaven until I join them there.—*Harper's Weekly.*

SALT IN YOURSELVES.

It is very interesting to me to notice how clear and strong the sight of Christ was for common things; how he saw them and understood them just as we do, and was wise in the weather, in ploughing, bread-making, the patching of garments, the bottling of wine, and a great many things beside, that commonly escape the notice of great scholars, professors, preachers and theologians, and that shew how closely and sweetly *he* had nestled down into our life before assuming at his baptism the mission of the Saviour of the world. What he said about salt is an instance of this faculty. Maundrell says, "Along one side of the valley of Gibne there is a precipice made by the removal of salt. I broke a piece from the part exposed to the sun, wind and rain; but though it still appeared like salt, it had lost its savour, while the parts that were still protected were good." The Jewish antiquarians, scraping crumbs of fact from all quarters of the great desert of their Talmudic and others books, make out that their people had this savourless salt in the old time, and used it to spread on the polished avenues of the temple in wet weather to prevent slipping, as we spread ashes on the ice. It is clear, too, that they used good salt to spread on the land and mix with the manure. It is possible also that the farmers would sometimes have this savourless salt palmed on them, as we have make-believe guano palmed on us, and that in some actual experience our Lord may have learned this lesson, how men may be brilliant, symmetrical and perfect in appearance, as the beautiful crystals of savourless salt, and be just as empty of all real purpose and life and power for good

as they are. It is a subject in which the readers of the *Christian Freeman* and all readers are interested, because the analogies are still as good as ever, and so I want to say a word first on the letter and then on the spirit of this lesson from worthful and worthless salt.

1. Salt is good for creation; it enters into our very life. Shut most men out from salt, keep it out of their food and drink, and they would die. The strong human instinct seeks it so eagerly where it is not plentiful, that in the interior of Africa the children crunch it as ours crunch sugar. 2. It is good for preservation. When the old frigate Resistance got dry-rot while on service in the Mediterranean, the naval board reported her useless and ordered her home. On her way she sunk in the harbour at Malta, was left in the water some months, was then taken out and sent home, when it was found that the dry-rot had been arrested, and the old ship went to her work again as hearty as ever. 3. It is good for redemption. If your field or garden is plagued with slug or wire-worm, sprinkle salt on the infested places while the dew is on in the fresh morning, and the vermin will die. And, last of all, salt is good for perfection. The pure white in the linen we buy takes its last touch from the salt; so does the richest hue of the scarlet. So for creation, preservation, redemption and perfection, salt is good when it is good salt.

But it is hard to name the one thing that answers exactly in the spiritual world to this salt in the material. I like the word virtue, and in the double sense of energy and efficacy it seems to come nearest. It is not a sweet, cool, gentle mercy, however, but a fiery, strong, determined directness—not Jesus blessing little children, or weeping over Jerusalem, or saying to the sister, Thy brother shall rise again; but Jesus looking in anger at the hard Pharisee who was not satisfied because he had healed a cripple on the Sabbath; Jesus giving good Roman pennies for whipcord, and plaiting and knotting it, and then hurling himself upon a pack of miserable thieves truckling and trading in the great temple of the nation; and Jesus saying, You knew that beggar who used to lie at such a gate, and the noble who used to ride out and see him there, but did not order even the crumbs from his table to feed him: well, that beggar was carried by angels into heaven, and the noble lifted up his eyes in torment and saw him there, and begged from the beggar a drop of cold water, but did not get it. Good men often need this virtue of salt. I knew a man once in Pennsylvania who, in the sense of a good man without salt, was one of the best men I ever knew. He had a fine farm on the sunny side of the sweet Jacony Valley; a family of as fine children as you would wish to see; was kind, affectionate and pious; was always at church, wet or dry, on the Sunday; at all the revival meetings and prayer meetings on week-days; was generous, hospitable and above reproach, and seemed to keep all the commandments of the Lord but the one to have salt in himself. First, he had not salt enough to get him out in the morning, but would dawdle over the cows' milking until ten o'clock. Then he had not salt enough to do more than scratch his land, when he ought to plow it. The Indians say, Plant your corn when the white oak-leaf is the size of the squirrel's foot: when this old man planted, it was always out in full bloom. If there was a wet day, his hay was sure to be in the spreading. No piety such as he had could save his butter; it was either soft or sour, and always full of hairs. And what was worst of all, he raised his children without salt. They attended meetings and in a sort joined the church; but he got them no books to read, gave them no real education and training; they grew up uneasy and dissatisfied, got into mischief, and went to the bad. The old man wept and prayed when interests were at stake that demanded a fire and energy such as a man hardly needs to save his own soul; but he put no salt into his conduct and commands together with his prayers and tears; and so it was, that the more he prayed the worse he got. His farm was sold, his sons went into all sorts of evil, one of his daughters came to shame, and then the old man died. It was the most striking instance I have ever known of what I mean. A man may be good and yet good for nothing, because he has sweetness but no saltness, is gentle and merciful but not strong and severe. And this is what I would understand by virtue in this sense of salt. Goodness in the sense of gentle-

ness and sweetness is a right noble thing, but then so is goodness in the sense of fire and energy. There is a goodness that bites in and cuts deep, and saves when nothing else will save. Cromwell might have prayed that the poor harried Waldenses might be spared, and still "their moans would the vales redouble to the hills, and they to heaven." But when he dictated and Milton wrote his great despatch, the thing came to an end. Some one has said that poetry is logic afire; this virtue of saltness is goodness afire. It is not enough for a man to be inspired; his inspiration must be welded into a strong will before the man himself can be the better for it. Nothing is me but my will, Coleridge said; and then he went and sold that for opium; and so it came to pass that his inspiration made him unspeakably more miserable than he could have been without it, because he had not salt.

We need this salt in the training of our children. There are moments when a strong, severe goodness will meet the demand of their nature better than any other. You can no more raise some children without severity than you can raise them without salt. When Chalmers started his Sunday-school in one of the Wynds of Glasgow, the boys hunted every kind, good man he sent to superintend them literally out of the school. As a last hope he sent another type of man, one who had salt in him as well as sugar. When *he* stood up to pray, he kept his eyes wide open, and presently seeing one of the larger boys dart a pin at a smaller lad near him, never stopped for a moment in his praying, but, drifting up to the culprit, gave him a mighty box on the ear—then went back to his place, and was master of the school from that time. The boys gave in to a man that could see them, punish them, and pray for them all at once. I do not believe in beating a child. It is the most brutal thing we can do; and if we have salt in ourselves, I do not believe our children will ever drive us to that extremity. Still, like Cromwell's cannon, there must be this power in the background—that is unquestionable and sure as fate.

Then we need this salt for ourselves. A young man comes to the city with the prayers of his father on his head, the kiss of his mother on his cheek, and the little pocket Bible, with the marker in it that his sister gave him, is laid on the table in his room. For many a year his home life has supplied him with this power to preserve him; now he must get it as he can, and he *must* get it. He may not lose one particle of the salt he has got, and yet the salt may lose its savour. He may roam with a man older than himself, whose sharper virtues are all lost—and his shame too. He may be in a store that practises all the tricks of the trade. He may marry a woman anxious only to go into society; and so he may become a solid man at forty, and then find that the creative power, the power that is able to bring him fresh feelings and impulses, has left him—that all the deeper meanings and powers have gone out of his life for want of this ever-preserving salt.

"No more able to say, What I will be, I will;
To stand up and affirm, What I was, I am still;
For the great laws of life re-adjust their infraction,
And for every transgression appoint the reaction."

We need to make sure every day that our salt is not losing its savour. I cannot tell certainly what retribution sin is to bring us in the world to come—what these images of fire and torment really outshadow; but in this world, as the Lord liveth, it makes life weak, washy, worthless, and utterly without flavour, even when it brings no heavier curse. Parents, it is as purely your duty to train your children, when they need it, to see the sterner aspects of life, as the most tender and beautiful. Young man, you must be clear as daylight on the fact that you have kept fast hold on the strong principle you brought from home, and made it stronger. Let us all be strong always as well as sweet; for the two always go together to make the perfect man. Give no quarter to corruption in public or private; be resolute to be pure from it in ourselves; and if we meet another we know to be corrupt, if he hold out his hand to us, let us not take it, though all the world fall down before him, but say to him, "No, Sir, you have got the plague, and I fear the contagion." Have salt in yourselves.

Chicago. ROBERT COLLYER.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

I ESTEEM it as one of the greatest blessings of my life that from my infancy I have been connected with Sunday-schools. As long ago as I can remember, I was taken by the hand or carried in the arms of a good father, now no more in this world, to a quaint, old Presbyterian chapel, where children sat in large, square, dark oaken pews, sometimes, I recollect, shivering with cold, while a zealous teacher did his or her best to teach our "young ideas how to shoot." Lessons over, most of the scholars were ranged on the back forms in the gallery, and one or two teachers set to keep them quiet through a long dreary service. I don't remember a word that was ever said by the mild, kind minister that Sunday by Sunday stood in that large pulpit, with 1719 carved on a panel in front; but I do very distinctly remember one or two things which impressed me at this time. One thing shocked me very much at the time, but now it raises a smile when I think of it. The teacher who generally watched over us, and who would not let a motion of ours escape her notice, was an elderly woman; we always called her Nelly. I must try to picture her, for she and the race she belonged to are passed away, with the square, bare chapels and high-backed pews which they so well became. The points about her which I retain most vividly are these—a bright scarlet cloak reaching down to her thick, low shoes, an ample hood falling on her shoulders, and an immense black bonnet, out of whose capacious depths there peeps a sharp but pleasant face, surrounded with the frills of a snow-white linen cap. Doesn't the picture look comfortable? Well, I say, this charming old woman kept watch and ward over us little ones, and if she heard a whisper or saw our little red legs swinging about, she was down upon us instantly. One Sunday, a little fine fellow came to school for the first time. Nelly had had great difficulty with him all morning at the lessons, but during the service he broke out completely. For some time the novelty, the singing and the organ, kept him tolerably quiet; but the long quiet of the sermon was too much to be borne. He began to chatter, and chatter aloud too. Old Nelly started up and came very sharply. "Hush!" said she. "Thee mun be quiet here, and musn't talk." Now this is what shocked me: the little boy, looking up into the big bonnet, said quite loud enough to be heard all over the chapel, "I shan't be quiet. Yon man in the box talks, and I'll talk." Nelly nipped him up in her arms and carried him off instantly. After this, Nelly herself seems to vanish away; for I retain but one or two very faint recollections of her, perhaps because, after the row in the gallery, my father took me to sit with him in a large pew just before the pulpit. It was in this pew that I received my second impression, very different in character from the one just narrated. I had a good view of all the chapel when I stood on the seat, as I always did during the singing. Opposite me and in front of the organ sat a very venerable old gentleman, whose hoary locks and angelic countenance are distinctly photographed in my memory to this day. At that time I could not read nor understand the hymns as they were read out, but I could understand that something filled that soul before me with more than ordinary joy. I felt that something raised him above others around me; and as the deep mellow tones of his rich bass voice reached me, my little soul was thrilled with a mysterious emotion. Sometimes I could see him wipe tears from his face, and then I felt that I could shed tears also. At other times a heavenly light seemed to be shed over his features, and then I felt happy. On one occasion, I didn't know what it was, but the chapel was more than usually full of people, and most of them were dressed in black. I was surprised to find that he did not sing at all, but sat in his pew with his head bowed down all the morning. After that day another lady sat by his side; I learnt after that it was her sister; and I waited many Sundays before I again heard his voice join in the hymn. At that time, to listen to him was to me simply an indescribable pleasure, affecting me in various ways; now I see it was much more. From that venerable patriarch who was ignorant of my existence, I first caught the spirit of religious song. The heartiness with which

he joined in the psalmody, the sincerity of his worship, which he unconsciously displayed in the varying expression of his features, made a deep impression on my young mind, and did much to mould my tastes and inspire me with some faint semblance of the emotions which moved him. I should wish to bring this fact before all Sunday-school teachers, before all who take part in divine worship in the presence of children. Depend upon it, our looks or tones, our devoted or half-hearted sympathy with the different parts of the service, have an effect in hearts and lives of whose existence we are entirely ignorant. Another incident occurs to me to bear out what I say. When I was some years older, and had begun to sit with the bigger boys in the other gallery, there was a teacher set over us who seemed to regard the time of prayer as the time to exert his tyrannical powers. Then it was that he watched us with a lynx eye, and if he heard the leaf of a book turned over, or a shuffle of feet, he gave us a tremendous rap with a long stick which he had provided for the purpose. Need I say that we got used to the knocks, and out of mere defiance grew so restless and misbehaved that the rap, rap, rap of the incensed man became such a nuisance, that the congregation could bear it no longer? They complained, and another teacher was appointed. The first Sunday—I seem to see it all now—he called us all together, and told us of the change, and how he had been asked to sit in the teachers' pew to keep us quiet. "Now, boys," he said, "I have got no long stick, and won't have one. I believe that stick was to you what we read a red cloth is to a maddened bull. At all events, I am willing to do without it, and I dare say you are. But I have just one favour to ask. However you are inclined to talk, I wish you to be still during prayer. For myself, I always kneel down, and love to listen to our minister. I have done so since I was a boy, I hope to do so till I die. Now, my dear boys, allow me to do so. I put myself in your hands, and ask you to allow me to continue a habit which has been good for me, is good for me yet, and will be good for you." That day and ever after we all knelt down. Now and then we should steal a glance at the once-dreaded pew, but the sight of a kneeling figure earnestly and intently engaged in prayer was a sufficient rebuke to us. In our modern Gothic chapels it is not the fashion, neither is there convenience, to kneel; but I never sit or turn round at the time of prayer but I feel first inclined to drop on my knees, as we did in that dear old chapel years and years ago. Say it is a mere form, if you will; it is no more so than standing or sitting. Custom, though begun in opposition to all form, becomes a form when generally adopted, and for my own part I prefer the form, the posture which seems most expressive of humility and devotion, when engaged in prayer to the good and great God. My old teacher's example and influence have their effect on me still, you see, and this is what I want to shew; and what I want Sunday-school teachers to learn is, that long before they can give any instruction to their scholars they can influence them, and by their own example inspire them with religious feeling. Long before I knew how to read hymns or what prayer meant, I was taught to feel their solemn joy and awe by seeing others engage in them with the spirit and understanding, heartily; and I now cherish the hope that I may in another world meet those who unconsciously led me on in tender years, and say to them, "You perfected praise in my baby mouth, and taught me to bend my knee in homage to Him to whom the vow shall be performed."

THE WORD "HELL."

Professor Kingsley and a few other distinguished ministers of the Church of England have stirred up attention of late, all over our land, to the meaning of the word "Hell." We have shewn in a previous number that there is not a word in the Old Testament or the New which designates a place of future endless punishment in another world. The Hebrew word "*Sheol*" had no further meaning than the place of the dead. The word "*Gehenna*" signified a place of punishment, "*the valley of the Son of Hinnom*," near Jerusalem. The word "*Hades*" originally expressed the same meaning as "*Sheol*," the place of the dead. We

do not deny that suffering is affirmed of some of the inmates of Sheol or Hades; but the same thing is affirmed of every place where any transgressors are. The point we keep in view is this, that the Church has imported into our English word "*Hell*" a meaning, the place of the damned, not at all corresponding with the Scripture. This is the question now agitating the Churches; and we are glad it is so. But not only is a new sense foisted upon the Scripture language, but our Saxon word "Hell" itself had no such meaning in former times. It meant, to cover, hide from sight, &c. Such is the fact, as we now propose to shew by a quotation from the writings of one of the most able philologists that has ever lived, John Horne Tooke. "Hell, heel, hill, hale, whole, hall, hull, hole, holt, hold. All these words, now so differently applied, are merely the same past participle of the old Anglo-Saxon verb *helan*, in old English *to hele, to heal*, or *to hill*."

"To *Heal*, to cover. As to *Heal* the fire; to *Heal* a house; to *Heal* a person in bed, is to cover them. In the West, he that covers a house with slates is called a *Healer* or *Hellier*. *Hell*, any place, or some place covered over."

Then follow a few examples of the use of other words which he has said come from the same root:

"*Heel*, that part of the foot which is covered by the leg.

"*Hill*, any heap of earth or stone, etc., by which the plain or level surface of the earth is covered.

"*Whole*, the same as *Hale*, i.e. covered. It was formerly written *Hole* without the *W*; as a wound or sore is *Healed* or *Whole*, that is, covered over by the skin. Which manner of expression will not seem extraordinary, if we consider our use of the word *recover*.

"*Hall*, a covered building, where persons assemble, or where goods are protected from the weather. *Les Halles*, in French, has the same signification.

"*Hull* of a nut, that by which the nut is covered. *Hull* of a ship, that part which is covered in the water.

"*Hole*, some place covered over. 'You shall seek for *holes* to put your heads in.'

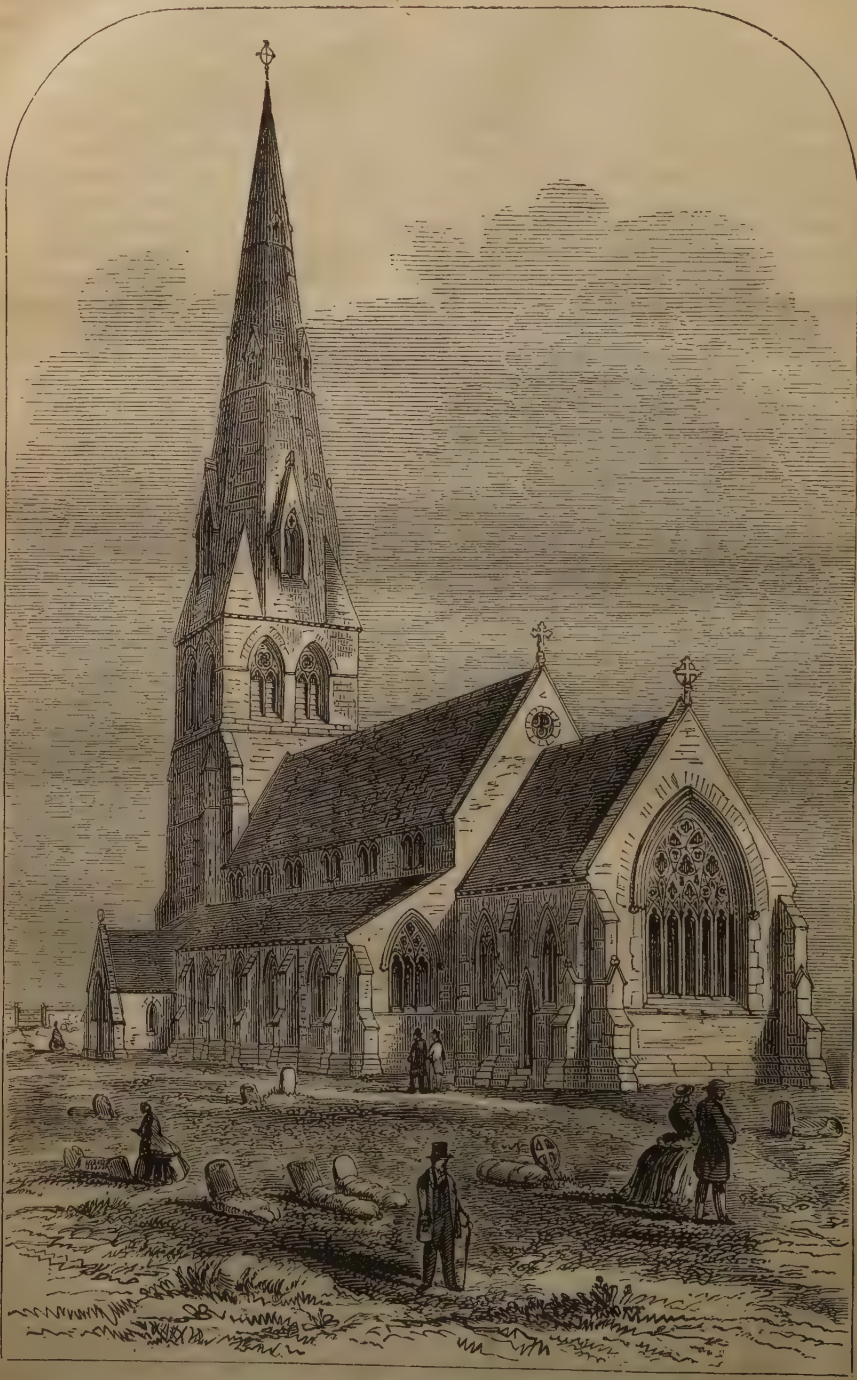
"*Hold, hold, hol'd, holt*, a rising ground or knoll covered with trees. The *Hold* of a ship in which things are covered, or the covered part of a ship."

As it is undeniable that *Sheol* and *Hades* signified the covered or concealed place, so we think the above conclusively shews that "Hell" was the proper word for the Anglo-Saxon to use in translating the Hebrew and Greek words. There is only one word in the original of the Scripture which unquestionably refers to a *place* of punishment, that is "*Gehenna*," or, as the Jews called it, "the valley of the Son of Hinnom," and this was not in another world, but a well-known place near Jerusalem. The modern definitions of the word "Hell" are therefore no indication of its scriptural meaning, and all who think that they are, are very much mistaken.

DISSOLVING GENEROSITY.

HERE is the last illustration given by Mons. Alphonse Karr, the celebrated French writer:

"I have for my neighbour, in the country, a man who recently was seized with congestion of the brain. His old servant became alarmed, and had scarcely time to scream for help when she fainted. A workman named Norman went by, he leaped into the window, lifted up the two dying people from the floor, restored the woman to her senses, jumped on a horse, galloped to town, and brought back a physician. My neighbour's life was saved. The workman returned to his task. I said to my neighbour, 'But for Norman you would have been a dead man. I hope you intend to reward him liberally?' 'Yes, indeed, I intend to give him forty francs.' I met my neighbour a few days afterwards, and said to him, 'Well, have you rewarded Norman?' 'No, not yet, but he will lose nothing by waiting. I said I would give him ten francs, and when I say a thing it is as good as done.' A week passed away. 'Have you seen Norman?' 'Norman — ah! Norman! No, I haven't met him yet; but I am fattening a rabbit—a first-rate rabbit. Oh, I'm not a man to forget a service.' A fortnight passed away. 'Well, is your rabbit fat?' 'As fat as a partridge. I ate it yesterday, and, I tell you, it has been a long while since I had such a tid-bit in my mouth.'"



HYDE CHAPEL, GEE-CROSS, NEAR MANCHESTER.

HYDE CHAPEL,

GEE CROSS, NEAR MANCHESTER.

THE last sentiments of the Rev. Gamaliel Jones in 1717, a former minister of this congregation, when the chapel was at Chadkirk, near Gee Cross, are worthy of record here. Addressing Dr. Clegg, who wished to know his dying thoughts on Nonconformity, he said, "I assure you, and you may assure any others you think proper, I am fully satisfied as to the way I have chosen. I look upon the cause of Protestant Dissenters as the cause of God, and a cause that God will own; and if I was to begin again I would make the same choice and take my lot among them." This was the conviction of a man who had much reverence for truth and righteousness, little for a State Establishment of religion. He had been ejected from the Chadkirk meeting-house by the government, and was the last minister there, before Hyde chapel was built. The old chapel at Gee Cross, prior to the present building, was erected in 1708. The first minister was the Rev. John Cooper, who had been educated by the Rev. Mr. Chorlton, minister of Cross-Street chapel, Manchester, in an academy of his for the preparation of young men for the ministry. He died in 1731. He was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Hartley. Mr. H. was educated at Findern by Dr. Latham, and was an Arian, as was the case with nearly all the students educated at Findern. The doctrine of the Trinity has not been sustained in this chapel for nearly 140 years. The Rev. John Houghton, who had been educated in Dr. Doddridge's academy, succeeded Mr. Hartley, who died in 1755. After five years' ministry, Mr. Houghton removed to Platt, and was succeeded by the Rev. Samuel Mercer, who also had been educated by Dr. Doddridge. Mr. M. adopted the Humanitarian view of Jesus Christ while minister at Gee Cross. The Rev. G. Checkley succeeded Mr. Mercer, and on his removal he was succeeded by the Rev. Bristowe Cooper in 1781. The congregation very much increased during Mr. Cooper's ministry. Mr. C. died in 1805, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Brooks, under whose ministry the present chapel was built. Mr. Brooks lived to see great changes during the years of his ministry, and thus describes them: "When I came, Hyde chapel was the only place of worship in the neighbourhood, and the population was in proportion thin. The pews in the chapel had only a clay floor, except a few which had been boarded by the families that occupied them. The cotton manufacture was comparatively in its infancy, both at Hyde and elsewhere." The new chapel was opened on July 5th, 1848, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful Dissenting chapels in the kingdom. The style of architecture is that commonly called "Gothic," or more correctly "Pointed," and which prevailed in this country towards the close of the 13th century. In plan and general arrangement the building is in all respects similar to a country parish church of the olden time. The height of the spire is 145 feet. The nave is six bays or divisions in length, and measures 71 ft. 6 in. by 40 ft. 8 in. inside. All the seats face the east, and give accommodation for rather more than 400 worshipers. The chapel is well filled every Sunday. The minister at present is the Rev. C. Beard, Editor of the Theological Review.

THY WILL BE DONE.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God!
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who waits on God,—
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

Biography is a rich store-house of thought, of feeling, of most helpful influences for man and woman. It is a sort of spiritual ligature that binds the present to the past. This is one of the chief elements of the popularity and world-wide influence of such books as the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Homer's Iliad; they are eminently biographical. Mere abstract statements of truth never have nor never will move the world; but truth wrought out in life, manifested in action, clothed in flesh and blood, living epistles seen and read of all men, always did, and ever will, exert a mighty influence upon the world. History, apart from the noble lives that live in it, would be as a dark night without a solitary star. But as we look up to the heavens, and bless God for the stars which declare His glory, we also look with reverence and gratitude into the past, and bless Him for the spiritual suns, moons and stars that continue to shed their sweet rays of nobleness upon our earth.

The subject of our present sketch was a most remarkable woman. She had a powerful intellect, combined with great poetic sensibility. She was the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, and was born in Cambridge-Port, Massachusetts, North America, on the 23rd of May, 1810. Her father was a lawyer and a politician. He was a man largely endowed with that sagacious intellect and pushing energy which the State of New England has been so well fitted to develope.

Her father, not only being a man of business, but also a scholar, undertook the education of his daughter himself; and in his intense desire of making a scholar of his child, he endeavoured to gain time by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible. Thus she had tasks given her as many and various as the hours would allow, and on subjects beyond her age. The consequence was a premature development of the brain, that made her a "youthful prodigy" by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the harmonious development of her bodily powers and checked her growth, while later they induced continual headache, weakness and nervous affections of all kinds. The following lines from Shelley aptly portray this precocious child:

"What wert thou then? a child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age,
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine;
Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant rage
A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought
Some tale, or thine own fancies, would engage
To overflow with tears, or converse fraught
With passion over their depths its fleeting light had wrought."

In her twenty-sixth year, when she was distinguished for the extent of her learning and the variety of her attainments, she was introduced to Ralph Waldo Emerson, partly through the influence of Miss Martineau, who was in America at that time (1836), and spoke in high praise of Margaret's excelling genius and conversation. He thus describes her appearance: "She had a face and frame that would indicate fulness and tenacity of life. She was rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair. She was always carefully and becomingly dressed, and of lady-like self-possession. For the rest, her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness, a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids, the nasal tone of her voice, all repelled; and I said to myself, We shall never get far." Here he was mistaken, for they formed a lasting friendship.

At an age when most are only just beginning their education, so far as book learning is concerned, she had learnt Greek, Latin, French, German and Italian. She loved to study the literature of Germany and Italy; her sympathy with the best minds and aspirations of the latter country was deep and lasting. Her fine culture and noble impulsiveness made her more of an Italian than an American. But it was not enough for her that she was richly endowed and finely equipped for the warfare of life; she longed to be useful; and her love of independence, and a desire to be of some

service to her family (who were not rich) led her to accept the position of teacher in a large school, the duties of which she discharged with great ability and fidelity, which reflected much honour on herself as well as the institution. It was somewhere about this time she became associated in friendship with some of the foremost minds of America,—Emerson, Dr. Channing, Hedge and James Freeman Clark. Dr. C. married her sister, and when he built himself a house at Concord she went to reside with him. Here, in what may be called with fitness the Athens of America, where dwelt in harmony philosophy, poetry and eloquence, Margaret's literary talents and conversational power gave evidence of great things if life and health were continued. A limited but select circle of readers soon discovered and appreciated her genius, as it was unfolding itself in the "Dial," of which we believe she was editor. Still, "the characteristic trait of Margaret, to which all her talents and acquirements was subordinate, was sympathy, universal sympathy. She had that large intelligence and magnanimity which enabled her to comprehend the struggles and triumphs of every form of character. Loving all about her, whether rich or poor, rude or cultivated, as equally formed after a divine original, with an equal birthright of immortal growth, she regarded rather their aspirations than the accomplishments. And this was the source of her marvellous influence. She had consolation and advice for every one in trouble, and wrote long letters to many friends, at the expense not only of precious time, but of physical pain."

She had the talent of giving life-like sketches of people and events; and each of them evinces her love of penetrating through surfaces to reality. Let one sketch of a public character suffice to illustrate her power in this direction.

"I went to hear Joseph Gurney, one of the most distinguished and influential, it is said, of the English Quakers. He is a thick-set, beetle-browed man, with a well-to-do-in-the-world air of pious stolidity. I was grievously disappointed; for Quakerism has at times looked lovely to me, and I had expected at least a spiritual exposition of its doctrines from the brother of Mrs. Fry. But his manner was as wooden as his matter, and had no merit but that of distinct elocution. His sermon was a tissue of texts, ill selected and worse patched together, in proof of the assertion that a belief in the Trinity is the one thing needful, and that reason, unless manacled by a creed, is the one thing dangerous. His figures were paltry, his thoughts narrowed down, and his very sincerity made corrupt by spiritual pride. One could not but pity his notions of the Holy Ghost, and his bat-like fear of light. His Man-God seemed to be the keeper of a mad-house, rather than the informing Spirit of all spirits. After finishing his discourse, Mr. G. sang a prayer, in a tone of mingled shout and whine, and then requested his audience to sit awhile in devout meditation. For one, I passed the interval in praying for him, that the thick film of self-complacency might be removed from the eyes of his spirit, that he might no more degrade religion."

We will give extracts from her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," a work by which her power as a writer may be tested.

"Had Christendom but been true to its standard, while accommodating its modes of operations to the calls of successive times, woman would now have not only equal power with man,—for of that omnipotent nature will never permit her to be defrauded,—but a chartered power, too fully recognized to be abused. Indeed, all that is wanting is, that man should prove his own freedom by making her free. Let him abandon conventional restriction, as a vestige of that Oriental barbarity which confined woman to a seraglio. Let him trust her entirely, and give her every privilege already acquired for himself.

"Nature has pointed out her ordinary sphere by the circumstances of her physical existence. She cannot wander far. If here and there the gods send their missives through women, as through men, let them speak without remonstrance. In no age have men been able wholly to hinder them. A Deborah must always be a spiritual mother in Israel; a Corinna may be excluded from the Olympic games, yet all men will hear her song, and a Pindar sit at her feet.

"Neither need men fear to lose their

domestic deities. Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it. Men should deserve her love as an inheritance, rather than seize and guard it like a prey. Were they noble, they would strive rather not to be loved too much, and to turn her from idolatry to the true, the only Love. Then, children of one Father, they could not err, nor misconceive one another.

"Sex, like rank, wealth, beauty, or talent, is but an accident of birth. As you would not educate a soul to be an aristocrat, so do *not* to be a woman. A general regard to her usual sphere is dictated in the economy of nature. You need never enforce these provisions rigorously. Achilles had long plied the distaff as a princess, yet at first sight of a sword he seized it. So with woman, one hour of love would teach her more of her proper relations, than all your formulas and conventions. Man, do not prescribe how the Divine shall display itself in woman. Woman, do not expect to see all of God in man. Fellow-pilgrims and helpmeets are ye, Apollo and Diana, twins of one heavenly birth, both beneficent and both armed. Man, fear not to yield to woman's hand both the quiver and the lyre; for if her urn be filled with light, she will use both to the glory of God. There is but one doctrine for ye both, and that is the doctrine of the soul."

In 1844, Mr. Horace Greeley engaged Miss Fuller to assist in the literary department of the New York Tribune. She had a home in his family, and had a very high estimate of the able editor. She says, "Mr. Greeley is a man of genuine excellence, honourable, benevolent, and of an uncorrupted disposition. He is sagacious, and, in his way, of even great abilities. In modes of life and manner he is a man of the people, and of the American people." And this is Greeley's view of Margaret:

"I learnt to know her as a most fearless and unselfish champion of Truth and Human Good, at all hazards ready to be their standard-bearer through danger and obloquy, and, if need be, their martyr. I think few have more keenly appreciated the material goods of life,—Rank, Riches, Luxury, Enjoyment; but I know none who would have more cheerfully surrendered them all, if the well-being of our race could thereby have been promoted. I have never met another in whom the inspiring hope of immortality was so strengthened into profoundest conviction. She did not believe in our future and unending existence,—*she knew it*, and lived ever in the broad glare of its morning twilight."

In the spring of 1846, her valued friends, Marcus Spring and lady, of New York, had decided to make a tour in Europe, with their son, and they invited Miss Fuller to accompany them. And the party sailed from Boston in the "Cambria" on the first of August.

Soon after she landed at Liverpool, she went to hear Rev. J. Martineau preach, and was introduced to him and other leading persons. She was pleased with her visit to Wordsworth, Dr. Chalmers and De Quincey, but adds, "By far the most beauteous person I have seen is Joseph Mazzini." Amongst the numerous eminent persons she visited in London, she remarks as follows about Joanna Baillie, a sketch of whom we gave in a former number of the "Freeman:" "With a still higher pleasure, because to one of my own sex, whom I have honoured almost above any, I went to pay my court to Joanna Baillie. I found on her brow, not, indeed, a coronal of gold, but a serenity and strength undimmed and unbroken by the weight of more than fourscore years, or by the scanty appreciation which her thoughts have received. We found her in her little calm retreat at Hampstead, surrounded by marks of love and reverence from distinguished and excellent friends. Near her was the sister, older than herself, yet still sprightly and full of active kindness, whose character and their mutual relations she has, in one of her last poems, indicated with such a happy mixture of sagacity, human and tender pathos, and with so absolute a truth of outline."

Early in 1847 we find Margaret in Italy, the land of art, poetry and martyrs. It will appear from these words how much she loved Rome: "People may write and prate as they please of Rome, they cannot convey thus a portion of its spirit. The whole heart must be yielded up to it. It is something really transcendent, both spirit and body. Those

last glorious nights, in which I wandered about amid the old walls and columns, or sat by the fountains in the Piazza del Popolo, or by the river, were worth an age of pain,—only one hates pain in Italy."

Towards the close of the year 1847, she married Angelo Ossoli, and in 1848 became a mother. Sorrows and troubles crowded upon her at this time, but with a brave heart and a deep faith in God she struggled through them. It is in the midst of these inward and outward conflicts that the real nobility of her soul is seen. She was in Rome when the young Republic burst upon the world with such promise for the future of Italy; and she was there, too, when the French army came to extinguish the hopes of an oppressed people. Her husband was one of that noble band of Romans who day after day and night after night resisted the advancing foe; while she, with the love of a patriot and the gentle tenderness of a new-made mother, nursed the wounded and dying in the hospitals. After the fall of Rome, she thus speaks of Mazzini: "He had suffered millions more than I could; he had borne his fearful responsibility; he had let his dearest friends perish; he had passed all these nights without sleep; in two short months he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted; his eyes were all bloodshot; his skin orange; flesh he had none; his hair was mixed with white; his hand was painful to the touch; but he had never flinched, never quailed, and protested in the last hour against surrender; sweet and calm, in him I revere the hero."

OMENS.

"My heart is very tired,—my strength is low,—
My hands are full of blossoms pluck'd before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die."

Many motives drew Margaret to her native land: heart-weariness at the reaction in Europe; desire of publishing to best advantage the book whereby she hoped at once to do justice to great principles and brave men, and to earn bread for her dear ones and herself. It was destined that they were to sail in the Elizabeth—they did sail on the 17th of May, 1850. And, even in the hour of parting, clouds, whose tops were golden in the sunshine, whose base was gloomy on the waters, beckoned them onward. "Beware of the sea," had been a singular prophecy given to Ossoli when a boy by a fortune-teller, and this was the first ship he had ever set his foot on. She remarked, "I have a vague expectation of some crisis,—I know not of what. But it has long seemed that, in the year 1850, I should stand on a plateau in the ascent of life, where I should be allowed to pause for awhile, and take more clear and commanding views than ever before. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn."

THE WRECK.

"There are blind ways provided, the foredone,
Heart-weary player in this pageant world
Drops out by letting the main masque defile
By the conspicuous portal:—I am through,
Just through."

On Thursday, July 15th, at noon, the Elizabeth was off the Jersey coast, somewhere between Cape May and Barnegat; and as the weather was thick, with a fresh breeze blowing from the east of south, the officer in command, desirous to secure a good offing, stood east-northeast. So confident was the captain of the safety of their position, that he promised to land the passengers next morning at New York. Elated with this hope, they began to pack their trunks and prepare to meet their friends on the morrow; the last Good night was spoken, and with grateful hearts Margaret and Ossoli put their dear boy to rest, for the last time, as they thought, on shipboard—for the last time, as it was to be, on earth.

About four o'clock on Friday morning, July the 16th, the ship struck—first draggingly, then hard and harder—on Fire Island beach. It was now all over; the vessel was doomed; so were Margaret, Ossoli and little Nino; so was that rich MS. on Italy—all were buried in the Atlantic. Calmly they died together just in sight of that land of liberty, just within reach and sight of an aged and loving mother and many tender

friends—thus perished a noble woman, a loving husband and beautiful child.

"It is a touching coincidence, that the only one of Margaret's treasures which reached the shore was the lifeless form of Angelo. When the body, stripped of every rag by the waves, was rescued from the surf, a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and, wrapping it in his neckcloth, bore it to the nearest house. There, when washed, and dressed in a child's frock found in Margaret's trunk, it was laid upon a bed; and as the rescued seamen gathered around their late playfellow and pet, there were few dry eyes in that circle. Several of them mourned for Nino as if he had been their own; and even the callous wreckers were softened, for the moment, by a sight so full of pathetic beauty. The next day, borne upon their shoulders, in a chest which one of the sailors gave for a coffin, it was buried in a hollow among the sand-heaps. As I stood beside the lonely little mound, it seemed that never was seen a more affecting type of orphanage. Thoughts came of the desolate childhood of many a little one in this hard world; and there was joy in the assurance that Angelo was neither motherless nor fatherless, and that Margaret and her husband were not childless, in that new world which they so suddenly entered together."

Was this, then, thy welcome home? A howling hurricane, the pitiless sea, wreck on a sand-bar, an idle life-boat, beach pirates, and not one friend! In those twelve hours of agony, did the last scene appear but as the fitting close for a life of storms, where no safe haven was ever in reach; where thy richest treasures were so often stranded; where even the dearest and nearest seemed always too far off, or just too late, to help!

No! she who lived in the twilight of immortality while on earth, could not fail to reach through the portal of the Atlantic the New Jerusalem, and enjoy the full-orbed splendour of that immortality. It was a rough voyage, but a joyous welcome awaited her in the Father's Home of many mansions. The heroic patriot and pious Catholic Ossoli would be there, and little Nino would be there, and Margaret would be there, and the saintly Channing, who had gone home some time before, would meet them, and bid them welcome to their home of peace and rest after the storm.

And the prayer preserve it greenly, to the last and uttermost,
Till another open for me
In God's Eden-land unknown,
With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing at His throne;
And a saint's voice in the palm-trees singing,
"All is lost . . . and won!"

A LAY SERMON.

"To whom shall we go? for thou hast the words of eternal life."—PETER.

THERE is an outer kind of affection and an inner, both which seem necessary to form a perfect character; yet although these have the same root, they are in the living type frequently found apart. Thus a man may be animated by the spirit of the purest benevolence, yet form no private friendships; or he may possess the power of strong personal attachment, yet never be found in the walks of public beneficence. But both these kinds might be observed in Jesus Christ. He had a heart sensitive to the claims of his kind, and at the same time alive to the throbbings of private affection. He could feel for the *mass* of men, yet ally himself with the *individual*. And it is remarkable that he sought for his friends amongst that very class which, one would suppose, could yield him the smallest return for his condescension. And yet he carries with him into these humble friendships all the tenderness and all the delicate susceptibilities of the most ardent affection. Thus when he is met by love and confidence, his heart, as it were, opens to a new faith and hope and joy; and when he meets with coldness and neglect, it shrinks within him chilled and discouraged.

Two instances present themselves in his history of this remarkable susceptibility. One was on his return from his soul-crushing agony in the garden, when finding his disciples asleep, all insensible to the woes which were oppressing his soul, he addressed them in those tenderly upbraiding words: "And could ye not watch with me for one brief hour?" Another was, when, seeing the coward multitude flee on the occasion of a new danger to his life, in which they feared

to be involved, he turned to his disciples and said, "And will ye also go away?" He could calmly face the hostility of his enemies, but he could not face without shrinking the desertion of him by those whom he had cherished with so much constancy and devotion.

It is Peter's prompt and reassuring reply to this appeal that we have now to consider: "To whom shall we go? for thou hast the words of eternal life."

These words, first uttered by Peter for himself and a few more, have been taken up by one human being after another, by one nation after another, till the feeble and scarcely audible strain has swelled and grown into a mighty chorus that is every day becoming deeper and louder and more wide-reaching. Peoples and men parted by time, by culture, by genius, by blood, by geographical distance, have paused at the same blessed feet to pay their homage, and these are the words they have used—"To whom shall we go? for thou hast the words of eternal life."

Wonderful now this power over the hearts of men, tested by ordinary rules! For to speak for a moment of his own times—here is a church in the very pride of its power and glory, the hoar of a venerable antiquity upon its brow, the seal of divinity not yet obliterated from its front; and here are its ministers trained for its work—trained in scholarship, in address, and in all the arts by which the multitude are attracted—when a peasant artizan appears, without learning, almost without education, unknown, or known only to be despised for his birth and country; and lo! so powerful are his words, such the force and living beauty of his character, and such the charm of his manner, that Church and State are as nothing in his presence; and while the "people hear him gladly" and follow him in crowds, those who know him best are drawn and held to him by a chain such as neither his own early removal from their midst, nor the hottest fires of persecution afterwards, have power to loosen in even the smallest link. Wonderful, I say, this power; and yet perhaps more wonderful still, that, after the lapse of nearly 2000 years, this name of low birth and low calling—of reproach and an ignominious death—should be the proud boast and confidence of uncounted millions of the very foremost race of the earth's population—be the confidence alike of palace and cottage, of the rich and poor, of the learned and unlearned! That sad, gentle countenance, with whose dreams does it not sweetly intermingle? Those wise, loving words, in whose mind and heart do they not fondly linger? What name so prized and cherished as that of Jesus?

But what *were* his "words," the power of which Peter here recognizes?

I. They were loving words. If the "people heard him gladly," one reason was, it was because he addressed them out of the depths of a loving heart. They had been used long enough to authoritative commands, to learned, abstruse disquisitions, to cold, formal precepts; but here at length was one who met and conversed with them as human beings—as beings having hearts and souls within them, and in the neglected condition in which he found them, having the truest claim upon his nature and sympathy. He met them, I say, in the spirit of unfeigned love and pity, and therefore they welcomed his approach and hung upon his words. For oh! the music of love—how it breaks down obstinate natures and softens hard ones, and makes its way unresisted to every heart! And surely it is subject of congratulation and high rejoicing for us living in these days, that although the bodily presence is withdrawn, his words as they have come down to us have still the ring about them which so charmed those who listened to the living voice!

II. They were cheerful, hopeful, reassuring words.

The human heart, pressed down by many trials and sufferings, is apt to sink into a state of dejection and melancholy, which, long yielded to, is likely to become chronic and permanent. It parts with its lightness and buoyancy; and life, instead of being regarded for what it is—as a good gift of the blessed God—is felt to be a burden which it would like to lay down. Who has not felt this sometimes for himself, and seen it in others? And when we have seen it, has it not struck us as a fearful anomaly in God's glorious universe of universal sunshine? O weary, sad sight is it to see brightness

in the glad rejoicing heavens and spread over the radiant earth—sad to hear the glad music of the birds of the air, and behold the placid contentment of the beasts of the field—as contrasted with the total eclipse of all the brightness of life out of the hearts and faces of so many human beings! And what can be done with such of our fellow-creatures as are in this condition but first speak to them cheerful, hopeful words, or get them to come forth to catch the beams of happiness around? And this, I say, was what Jesus did. The sight of human beings made to be happy, and placed in conditions which might make them so, being less happy than the beasts of the field and the birds of the air—yea, infinitely miserable as they toiled and lived on from day to day—this awoke all the tenderness of his susceptible nature; and his most persevering effort was to roll up the cloud of dejection and melancholy which had settled on their minds and hearts. And here we may recollect that one of the great offices he set himself to fulfil was expressly that of human cheerer and consoler. "I come to raise up the down-trodden"—these are substantially the very words in which he announced his mission. And the manner in which he executed this office is that partly, I repeat, which makes his name a name of power wherever his words are repeated. He spoke cheering, hopeful, reassuring words—strove to inspire a new interest in life, its pursuits and enjoyments; and it was as if the breath of a new life passed into the wearied heart of humanity.

But his words struck far deeper than this—so next we have to consider him as unfolding a clear, sure law of duty.

And what I mean by this is, he raised no artificial standard of right and wrong, but always made his appeal to that which none could gainsay, namely, the simple dictates of the conscience within. People talk of the insufficiency of these; I say, in reply, that not a word of this appears in Jesus' teaching, but just the contrary. That was his ideal of character, where the virtues which every heart knows to be such are fully worked out in life. Thus when reproving the Pharisees, what is it that he attacks but their pride, envy, uncharitableness, hypocrisy?—that is, things which not a man of us but knows to be sins without any demonstration, however necessary it may be to be reminded of it at times. In his memorable Sermon, too, on the Mount, what did he urge upon his hearers but these things, viz., justice, purity, meekness, mercy—things which, as I have said, we all know to be the very things which ought to be practised. People remarked that when Jesus spoke, he spoke with an authority such as they had never observed in the professional teachers; but what was the reason of it but this, that he unbared their own consciences to them, where they could read for themselves God's will concerning them? Under these teachers, between the outward law and the inward, they might well grow confused, not knowing which to choose, and come at last to doubt whether there was any law at all; so that it was like a very revelation from heaven, as indeed it was, when Jesus bade them simply look within. And surely I may add this, as a proved certain fact, that in all the great crises of our mortal being this will be our great trouble and grief—not that we have not kept any outward law, but that we have failed in the inner, viz. the law of justice, purity, guilelessness, mercy, written on our hearts by the finger of God himself, and which His well-beloved Son only brought out into the light of day.

Again, in unfolding his religious ideas, the source of his power lays in the fact that he simply made known the simple truths of the understanding and heart.

What is the great use of religious truth but to be an *instant* light and strength and comfort to our souls? This consideration alone will help us to distinguish between the true and the false. For clearly, to be an instant guide and light and solace, it must not be erudite, or our learning may fail; and it must not be complex, or we may not have power to gather up its various threads; or should it be these, the very emergency for which it was designed may itself have passed away. To be a living, active, instant power, it is plain it must be something to which the mind and heart may pass by its own simple, unforced volitions. Who now will say that the creeds of the present day answer to this test? And the reason, I repeat, which gave such

power to Jesus as he unfolded religious truth, was the fact that his religion absolutely embodies nothing but what the religious sentiment in man is already willing to accept as the truth of God. Take the great central truth of Christianity, the Fatherhood of God, and how does that commend itself to every unsophisticated nature! You and I may possibly and unhappily have got entangled in doubts upon this subject; but go to any pure, childlike soul, and see how it rules in the judgment and affections. To how many a poor soul, untaught in the creeds and without any culture, is it the one bliss and strength and solace of life, to which it ever turns without misgiving! The child, too, how readily it receives it into its heart of hearts! Hidden in Jesus' time, mostly because overlaid, he made it visible again, luminous, distinct; and men's hearts leaped at the sight as to a face they knew, loved, but had long lost sight of. It is this blessed nearness of the truths he taught to the heart which has ever brought men willing and rejoicing listeners at his feet.

And is this to exhaust the subject? Verily, I think not; for behind his words there lies his beauty of character rising to the highest pitch of human excellence, and throwing into the shade all human attainments, whether before or since. In this, as I believe, was the very height of the argument reached which has told with such wondrous power upon the hearts of men. For, indeed, words so true and offering such sure guidance, the world had heard in fragments before; but to see them lived out—lived out to the very letter—lived under trials and temptations such as were his own lot alone—this it had never seen; and its surprised, enamoured heart, as it looked and looked, was fain to believe that one of the old prophets had returned to life again—yea, that God himself had left His throne in heaven to tabernacle for a while in human flesh. He was not God, and we dare not call him so; yet who may wonder at the error in that day of credulity, when every vital force and element and every public benefactor was surnamed God? It were strange if the greatest and grandest of men had not at such a time at length received divine honours also.

But there is yet another aspect of him as speaker to be considered, as explaining his power over the hearts of men. Joined with the loving, cheerful, instructive words he uttered, were others, often repeated, in which he challenged the world's attention to himself as the channel through which the new and living force he announced was to flow forth. "Look unto *me*, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth"—in such language did he offer himself to men's attention. *Himself!* why himself? What was necessary for man to do but to appropriate the light and guidance he offered? Why should he present himself in the line of vision of God and duty? Was it self-seeking this? Yet, if it were, it were a self-seeking which had none of the rewards of self-seeking, for he had long left the earth when men in large numbers began to accept his invitation. But indeed it was not this, but to bring us into closer contact with the glow of human affection in our progress towards God and duty. He stands in that path, not to intercept the view, but to clear it up; not to retard our movements, but to help us on;—stands there that we may not be left alone with abstract ideas, such as God and duty, but to make them real and living for us by the aid of his own example, and by the atmosphere of human tenderness and beauty which his presence as their great interpreter would tend to create about them. It is not the least of God's gifts to man in him that the very way to truth and goodness is in close neighbourhood with—yea, in the very pathway—in which he walks, shedding the light of love and tenderness around. What a companionship his! how infinitely superior to the aids we can form for ourselves! If truth and duty be not appointed tasks, with what a new and living interest are they invested for us, as seen in contact with a spirit pure and tender and sympathetic like his! The "truth" he is, but who would turn from him as the "way" also?

And is *this* to exhaust the subject? Verily, no; and the secret, as I feel it, of that wonderful charm which lies in his words and life and character, has not yet been reached by words of mine, nor can be; I can only bow before a form so heavenly, and ask to understand him

better. But stopping short at this point—having beheld him uttering words of hope and love and guidance and instruction—having surveyed him in all the beauties of his peerless character—having seen that truth and duty have yet a higher character and command a livelier interest as bound up with him—having seen, moreover, how that in his name men all the world over have risen to a new devotion to duty, a new and higher love to God and man—surely we, too, may take up Peter's words, and say, "Thou *hast* the words of eternal life; and we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." J. S.

Lynn.

GOD IN NATURE.

When Napoleon was returning from his campaign in Syria, he was seated one night upon the deck of the vessel under the open canopy of the heavens, surrounded by his captains and generals. The conversation had taken sceptical direction, and most of the party had combatted the doctrine of the Divine existence. Napoleon sat silent and musing, apparently taking no interest in the discussion, when suddenly raising his hand, pointing to the crystalline firmament, crowded with its mildly shining planets and its keenly glittering stars, he broke out, in those startling tones that so often electrified a million men: "Gentlemen, who made all that?" The "eternal power and godhead" of the Creator are impressed by "the things that are made," and these words of Napoleon to his atheistic captains silenced them. And the same impression is made the world over. Go to-day into the heart of Africa or to the centre of New Holland; select the most imbruted pagan that can be found; take him out under a clear starlit heaven, and ask him who made all that, and the idea of a Superior Being, superior to all his fetishes and idols, possessing eternal power and godhead, immediately emerges to his consciousness. The instant the missionary takes his lustful idolater away from the circle of idols and brings him face to face with the heavens and the earth, as Napoleon brought his captains, the constitutional idea dawns again, and the pagan trembles before the unseen power.—*Prof. Shedd.*

WONDERS IN FAMILIAR THINGS.

"How clever you are, uncle!" said Harry gravely. "You know everything, almost, don't you?

"No, indeed, Harry," exclaimed Mr. Forrester, laughing. "If you knew as much as I do, and a little more, you would be surprised to find that you really knew hardly anything at all."

"Should I?" asked Harry, incredulously.

"Yes, we are surrounded with wonders which we cannot explain or understand. The commonest every-day matters are far beyond our comprehension. We will take something very simple; something which I dare say you have fancied you understood yourself. Come here. Now, how did you come?"

"I walked," said Harry, laughing.

"What walked?" asked his uncle.

"My legs and my feet; they carried me."

"How did they know that you wanted to be carried here?"

"I told them."

"How did you tell them?"

Harry stared at Mr. Forrester, then at his feet, and looked puzzled.

"You did not speak to them, and they have no ears to hear you if you did. Now bend your little finger. How did you do that?"

"Oh, do tell me how it is, uncle! I don't know a bit."

"The wisest man in England cannot tell you, my boy," replied his uncle. "We have good reason to believe that the part of you that thinks, your mind and your will, are in your head, and that you send your messages from your head to your legs, if you want to walk or sit down; to your hands, if you wish to take hold of something; to your tongue, if you wish to speak; but how the message is sent, no one knows. It is believed to be done by a sort of telegraph, lightning being the messenger; and some doctors think they have found out the telegraph wires—nerves that extend from the head all over the body; but how the lightning is sent, how it finds its way, and how it gives orders and makes them understood, will probably never be discovered in this world."

"Shall we know it all in heaven?" asked Harry.

"Perhaps we may," replied Mr. Forrester. "I think we shall know a great deal there which is quite beyond our comprehension on earth. But we are not told in the Bible what we shall do in heaven, except loving and praising God for his goodness to us."

Harry stood some time in silence, bending his little finger now and then, and looking very solemn.

"Uncle," said he at length, "when I bend my finger, I know it before; I I mean, uncle, I bend it on purpose; but when I wink my eyes, I do not know it before unless I try to think about it. Do my eyes wink of themselves?"

"They do, my boy. Your eye-lids wink to spread a little moisture over your eyes, that they may not get too dry. How troublesome it would be to you to remember to wink every time you needed it, or if you had to learn how to do it! A poor baby would become blind before it could learn to wink."

"Yes, I know babies can wink," said Harry. "My baby sister winked famously when she was only a week old. Is there anything else we can do without thinking, uncle?"

"Indeed there is, Harry. In that small body of yours, a great deal goes on, of which you think little and know less. If God had only made you and done no more, you would have died directly. The wisest man could not have told you how to make your heart beat, or how to breathe, or how to grow into a man."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Harry. "And every dog and cat, I suppose, and mouse and fly, can breathe, and move its heart, and wink, without any trouble!"

"Flies cannot wink," said Mr. Forrester, smiling. "They have no eye-lids; but they are nevertheless as wonderfully made as we are. You shall look through my microscope some day, and you will see that there is nothing too small to be beautifully and perfectly formed and suited to its place in the world. Some of the most exquisite little animals I ever saw, are smaller than a grain of fine dust."

"How could you see them, uncle?" said Harry.

"I saw a little round glass smaller than a sixpence, with a morsel of dust on a tiny spot in the middle; and when it was put under a microscope, I could see a number of forms,—some like exquisite little silver breakfast-plates, some sauce-boats with a spout but no handle, and many others which I do not now remember. The most exquisite patterns were engraved upon them all."

FAITH AND REVERENCE.

By Tennyson.

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace—
Believing, where we cannot prove!

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust—
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die,
Believing, where we cannot prove!

Thou seemest human and divine—
The highest, holiest manhood, thou,
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of thee;
And Thou, O Lord! art more than they.

We have but faith. We cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness. Let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more.
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear.
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

The Parsees.—Such a thing as a Parsee pauper is unknown in Bombay. Finally, as to beneficence, the splendid charities of the Parsees probably outvie those of any other people in the world. In the vast accession of wealth now flowing to their coffers through the cotton trade, we are told, immense sums are always set apart for charity. Even Mr. Peabody's donation of £100,000 (or £150,000) to the London poor (the largest, so far as we know, ever made in Christendom by a private person in his lifetime) looks small beside the £700,000 given away by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy in charities of every kind, to men of every race and religion.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.—The Café Foy is a celebrated Paris restaurant. It has, or had, a standing rule never to call back or ask an explanation from any individual leaving the establishment without paying. The doctrine was, if the gentleman is merely forgetful, he will rectify the error the next day; if the omission is a swindle, it is better to suffer the loss than provoke publicity, and perhaps unpleasant consequences. For five years an individual had breakfasted regularly at the Café Foy, and as regularly had acquitted his each morning's indebtedness. At last he omitted to do so, but no notice was taken of it. He went on in the same way for a week, but as he was an *habitué* of so long standing, it excited no uneasiness. The waiter finally asked the proprietor if he should remind the gentleman of his delinquency. "By no means," was the reply. "He has been punctual in his payments for five years, and if he is less so now, it is, perhaps, that he is in want of money. At any rate, do not let him suppose, by a look or word, or any want of attention, that his recent irregularity has been noticed." At the end of eight months, the gentleman disappeared, leaving his bill unsettled. It was put down to profit and loss, and in five years more had passed from the recollection of the master of the house. Not long ago, he received from a distant port a shipment of genuine Moka, worth about £200, and a draft upon a Paris banker for one thousand one hundred francs, the approximate amount of two hundred and fifty breakfasts—the latter a reimbursement, the former a "recognition of an act of delicacy rare in any station of life."

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Householders who will persist in shutting out light from their houses, and in cultivating shade-trees so as to prevent the sunlight penetrating their windows, are referred to the following remarks from Doctor Moore, the very best authority: "A tadpole confined in darkness will never become a frog, and an infant deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and responsible being. Hence in the deep, dark gorges of the Swiss valleys where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some blind, some labour under all these privations, and all are misshapen in some part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun; and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are during some part of the day fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labours."

HORRIBLE STATISTICS.—Lately one of the most popular preachers of the U. P. Church of Scotland was preaching in Kirremuir, and when enforcing upon his hearers the necessity for increased missionary effort, he consigned above two thousand five hundred souls to eternal perdition every hour. He attempted to prove his assertion in the following statistical manner. It is calculated, he said, that the rate of death over the world is 3000 per hour, and at least 2000 of these know nothing of Jesus Christ or the way of salvation, and consequently are for ever lost; and more than the half of the other 1000, although Christian in name, yet live and die in an unregenerated state; they too must undoubtedly perish.

PAUPERISM AND CHILDHOOD.—As a matter of right, no child ought to bear the stigma of pauperism; and as a matter of public interest for the future of the community, every dependent child ought to be separated and removed as far as possible from pauper moral influences and pauper physical and social degradation.

THE DEVIL REPULSED.—Luther says: "Once upon a time the devil came to me and said, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and will be damned!' 'Stop! stop!' said I; 'one thing at a time. I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?—therefore you shall be damned? That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner, but it is written, *Jesus Christ come to save sinners:* THEREFORE, *I shall be saved.* Now go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

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